

Weymouth. Sunday Jan 18. 1852.

Right, my dear Miss Estlin
be an interesting letter for I sit
with great "effusion" of heart, (as
the French) to write to you. I have
been reading your long letter
to Caroline, (I have not
leisure to do so attentively,
) & I am so impressed with
unremitting & unceasing labours,
seem so entirely one of those
to his will & know it not that
seems to me as if I were
an Abolitionist at all, or at
least as if I did nothing worthy of
vocation. When I think of
love & labour for those dear
me what ties exist between us,
we have never met, I am full
emotion which I can hardly
, & feel how imperfect a
of communication is that by
paper.

This is my first comfortable
leisure since the Bazaar & I

I think it may interest you to read the enclosed account of Mrs
Lewins & appear in the Boston Herald. This is a copy of the one by his
own pen and is full of interesting particulars. I have written
nothing more than a mere sketch of the facts.

gladly wrote it to you & yours.
It is quite impossible for me to
tell you how thankful I was when
it was over. I was so very doubtful
how our removal from Faneuil Hall
would affect our sales. Then too my
sister Deborah was at Northampton
with my brother & it was not thought
prudent for her to leave him, & so
there was a most important aux-
iliary removed. An aunt of ours too
was lying very ill & I felt a great
anxiety respecting her; not that my
care were absolutely needed, or indeed
at all needed in the way of nursing
her, but I was aware that my
presence & sympathy were a great
deal to the invalid's sisters, my other
aunts, & I was very sorry under
these circumstances to be from home
a month, as the Bazaar & its prepa-
rations necessitated. Can you therefore
wonder that I rejoiced when I found
the Bazaar over & the receipts just
about \$3000. Every one congratulates
us, for the Hall is poorly situated, the

Weather intensely cold, money scarce,
& few slavery people quiet as bitter as
ever. - I have no words or space to
express my admiration of the Bristol
Box. It was the most beautiful
we have ever received; but we
suffered great annoyance in getting
it in any proper season. This letter is
designed to be perfectly entire, and
there is intended only for yourself &
Mr Estlin & Mr Mitchell. I would
not trouble Mr Thomas or any of the
Bristol friends on any account by
telling them, that we could not get
the Box till the Monday after the
Bazaar opened. It opened on Thursday
and our first two days are always
our best ones. Then our fashionable
customers are in. Great enquiring was
made for the Hamilton line & the
Bristol baskets, & one lady who wanted
a piece of Hamilton for a particular
occasion could not wait. People kept
asking, "When will the Bristol Box come?"
I assured them most solemnly that

The Box had been in Boston near
a fortnight, but could not be got.
It is really my best judgment
never to send by a sailing ship.
The cargo of this packet ship of 17m
was not unloaded for a week, a
consequence to some marine requests
& that this box was at the very
bottom. Poor Mr May missed the
time between vessels, steam ship
& the Custom House, for neither did
the Glasgow nor London nor French
boxes reach us till the very day
before the Fair. At last the British
box was brought in to the Hotel till
Saturday night. Lucia & I arranged
to take a late train of cars for
Weymouth on Saturday night in
order that we might see how our
suite was as air-carrier had been very
gloomy that day, for we had telegraph
from home early morning. The fore-
noon very ill & was at her home a
great part of the day. We were up
early on Monday morning, the the
monitors at 300 & between 7 & 8 started
for Boston. A few steps from our own
Depot (the Old Colony) brought us to

assembly hall. ² A gentle man who
had accompanied us from Weymouth,
Miss Chapman & one or two other friends
whom we had appointed to meet
us there, at that early hour with the
aid of our one or two faithful
attendants (Levy, a coloured man whom
Miss Chapman well remembers)
proceeded to unpack the prison box.
This was to be done, & all trace of
anxiety removed, before company
came in, so you may imagine the
hurry in which we worked. I can
best depict my state of mind by
telling you, that when a friend
came in with the newspaper calling
out "oh Miss Weston, where are your
sisters & the people in Paris are fighting
behind barricades." I very coolly
replied "I can't think any part of
the Weston family are fighting behind
any more barricades than their
tables." However we were ready in
season, & nothing could be more
admired or coarsely felt better than
a great many of the articles, & I
think all (with the exception of children's
gowns) might have sold had we
had them earlier.

Mrs. Mitchell's box was thought exquisite & wonderful. Had we had it at first it would have sold but our rich customers & our richest Abolitionists had made their purchases as people here were very anxious ^{to do it} at least a little kind of intimates (of the Cause) we agreed to sell it by a raffle. We put its price at \$30 & it was drawn by a Salem Gentleman. All the bare sold except the pocket book, & perhaps that went at a Worcester Fair which directly succeeded ours, & where most of our articles were sent. All the baskets too sold & no covil at the price. The truth is there is a general uneasiness the articles sell best those ranging from \$5 to \$15 in value. Even rich people among the Abolitionists words folks are not willing to pay articles much more expensive, as they cannot bear to help replenish our treasury. The dove was greatly admired & was thought very reasonable in price. But I will not tarry longer amid these details which will not interest you

to mind as others of a different
character. I have finished my Bayard
Gazette & shall take it to town to-
morrow. I greatly fear you will not
like it as well as usual, & yet I
cannot alter it. I tried occasionally
to model it according to your
suggestions, but I don't think I have
succeeded. The worst of my literary
efforts is that no pains or exertion
can make them any better than
they originally are. Whatever I do
write, I write with perfect ease &
spontaneity; one train of thoughts sug-
gests another. It is like unwinding
a ball, as I pull it comes, and
I write any thing that is going to
be printed, any thing that I am
arriving at, just as easily as I
write to you. But be the paper ever
so important, or I ever so anxious
to give satisfaction, no pains that I
could take would make any dif-
ference. If I begin to alter I gen-
erally make matters worse, so
I have concluded to send it off

tho' as I have said, I do not know
that any body will like it.
I fear you may think there is
something of brusqueness in the
way in which I have treated
of Church matters. I have just
been reading John Sterling's life
& I felt a little like the friend
who argued with him "Why" said
Sterling, in answer to some train
of remark "that's Pro theism!" "I
don't care if it's Pro theism" said
friend "so it be but the truth"
Abstract disputation of matters theolo-
gical always pained me; in that
respect I am not a genuine daughter
of New England, tho' indeed, I fear
the shallow generality of the present do-
are all guilt in this matter. &
The sects are all fighting for their
existence, rather than their doctrine.
Then too once or twice perhaps I have
exhibited an unmitigated levity, but
what is written is written. I don't
think you will dislike any thing
I have said about Rossitch. I am
very sorry he has taken the
course he has done but all

the free Soilers, and, strange to say,
 some of the Abolitionists embrace it.
 The people as such, are all carried
 away by him, the masses I mean.
 The Government will do nothing for
 him. The Abolitionists are sincerely
 interested for their hands in political
 ability to us respects the great man,
 but "we care no other." Poor Mrs. Tolson
 will be greatly disappointed, for she
 wrote to me hopefully about him.
 I am so disgusted with French poli-
 tics I hardly can read the papers.
 The wish that lies at the bottom of my
 heart is so selfish & cowardly that
 I am ashamed to express it. It is
that all the Westons were out of
Paris, & then that the City should rise
& oust this miserable Louis Napoleon.
 If I wait for peace while they are
 there, how natural is it that Paris
 should wish the same. I am almost
 afraid to say I think the French a
 poor set of people, but according
 to the theory of Spiritual Knowledge,
 I hear Lizzy & Annie, & for aught I
 know Emma, thumping under the

letter on which I write in proof of
their reprobation. Thank you most truly, my
dear friend, for your letter in the
Bazaar Box, for the letters of friends
to you enclosed in it & for your note
of Dec. 12. received through Mr. May.
I was greatly pleased at receiving a
notice of to whom Bells were to be
sent, for I do not know that Mrs
Thomas has made any suggestions
to Mr. May, & any intimations of this
kind are just what I need. The
English box will probably be sent
the first week or so in February. I
shall take due note of all you
say & send the papers & books you
mention, if possible. I think they
can all be obtained. Miss Innes's
letters & state of mind interested me
greatly. I will write her by the box
a little note. I shall say Mr. May
has written to Mrs. Thomas respecting
the Fair, but I will do so by the box
giving more particulars. I received
also the Baird & James & was exceedingly
amused at the meeting, though of
course, not comprehending all its
ins & outs. I am writing with great

impatient for the first part of your
letter of the 12th. As near as I can
judge you seem to be performing a
sort of wonderless labour in my
behalf, but I must proceed to fight
the duel, till I get the challenge.
Perhaps I shall hear from you by
tomorrow's mail, as I see the
Anna is in at N. York.

My brother continues to improve.
He has the most judicious
administration of cold water & I am
thankful for it on his behalf.
I am not very fond of it myself
taken either internally or exter-
nally, very much preferring it
for myself, somewhat qualified
with tea for the first, & well
banned in the second case. But
he is so wonderfully improved, that
I owe it to my duty to speak
well of the bridge that has borne
us thus far. Poor Deborah bears
her exile most cheerfully, tho' any
establishments of this kind are to
her peculiarly hateful.

My poor Aunt continues in the pangs
of state. Whenever her death shall
occur it will be a most grievous
deliverance. Completely helpless in
body, entire mental imbecility,
there remains us to death at once.
It is very distressing to me to see
her in the lie at present. A few
weeks must end this painful
scene, & that is my chief comfort.
I am very anxious for my two
aunts who are younger than the
sufferer & who are now constantly
occupied with her, to the injury of
their own healths. - I note what you
say of cares & anxieties of your own
in connexion with dear friends & hope
that when this arrives you the
may be relieved.

Give much love on my part
to Mrs Mitchell & also to Mr Estlin
whose letter I am daily expecting.
My mother & Lucretia send you their
very affectionate regards, & hoping
soon to hear from you. I have
seen Mary ever yrs
A. W. Weston.